

TO THE WORSHIPFUL
Henry Woolley, Esq; Mayor,
 The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesse,
 And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants of the Town of
 NORTHAMPTON,
 This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

Richard Claridge.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1768, to the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1769; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 3) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also those buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 6. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 12. The Meeting on the *Green* 2.

<i>Diseases.</i>	A BORTIVE and	Asthma	4	Childbed	2	Inflammation	4	Teeth	2
	Stilborn	Chincough	2	Dropfy	7	Mortification	1	Thrush	1
	Aged	Consumption	23	Fevers	33	Measles	7		
	Apoplexy and Suddenly	Convulsion	1	Fits	18	Palfey	2		

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	34	Ten and Twenty	4	Forty and Fifty	11	Seventy and Eighty	6
Between Two and Five	12	Twenty and Thirty	8	Fifty and Sixty	13	Eighty and Ninety	7
Five and Ten	4	Thirty and Forty	16	Sixty and Seventy	6	Ninety and a Hundred	0

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
ALL-SAINTS. - -	55	55	110	66	55	121
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	18	11	29	16	11	27
St. GILES'S. - -	25	17	42	19	17	36
St. PETER'S. - -	2	4	6	5	5	10
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish - - -				9	7	16
In the whole Town.	100	87	187	106	88	194
	Increased	-	17	Decreased	-	7

SO TEACH US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS: THAT WE MAY APPLY OUR HEARTS UNTO WISDOM. *PSAL.* 90, Ver. 12.

DEATH's Shafts fly thick:—Here falls the Village
 And there his pamper'd Lord.— [Swain
 On this Side, and on that, Men see their Friends
 Drop off, like Leaves in Autumn; yet launch out
 Into fantastic Schemes, which the Long-Livers
 In the World's hale and undegenerate Days
 Could scarce have Leisure for.—Fools that we are
 Never to think of Death and of Ourselves
 At the same time: As if to learn to die
 Were no Concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,
 For Creatures of a Day, in gamefome Mood,
 To frolic on Eternity's dread Brink
 Unapprehensive; when, for ought we know,
 The very first swollen Surge shall sweep us in.



Think we, or think we not, Time hurries on
 With a restless unremitting Stream;
 Yet treads more soft than e'er did Midnight Thief,
 That slides his Hand under the Miser's Pillow,
 And carries off his Prize.—What is this World?
 What? but a spacious Burial-Field unwall'd,
 Strew'd with Death's Spoils, the Spoils of Animals
 Savage and tame, and full of dead Men's Bones.
 The very Turf on which we tread once liv'd:
 And we that live must lend our Carcases
 To cover our own Offspring:—In their Turns
 They too must cover theirs.—'Tis here all meet:
 The shiv'ring *Iceland*, and Sun-burnt *Moor*,
 Men of all Climes, that never met before.